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It costs a little more, but with chapped hands and clothes weakened by the free alkali in common soaps, the house-keeper soon finds that Ivory Soap is the cheapest in the end.

THE PROCTER &amp; GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

## Woman's Department.

## SERENA GOES TO THE REUNION.

"Walk right in Huldy, dew; I'm pow-erful glad to see ya. Cum in the fore-noon and take off yer bunnt. Take the room and make yerself to hum.

I've been wishin' sombdy'd cum in to talk a leetle. You see, Habakuk he's canastom' worn out, and when

I tried to talk to him a leetle he said,

said he: "Dew, Serena, give me a leetle peace." That's what Habakuk said.

He's a good man, my companion is, but

sometimes he dew look and talk as

rough I, the wife of his buzzom, was a

weakness of the spirit. But then, it's

the nater of men to act that way.

"Yes, I've been to the Reunion, though

why they call it a reunion, or any other

kind of an onion, is more'n I know. I

didn't see no onions there, nor smelt

them, neither, and that's more to the

point. Tell yer bout it!" Course I will.

"Well, I'll begin at the beginnin'. You

know my companion he blongs to the

singers, and they've got a secret society

what he blongs to, we don't know.

Don't know bout it, only I s'pose they must

pitch it to somethin', for they have an

affidit to say about the Post. Wall,

after he jined he wore one of them air

little pieces of riban with a canoyon on to

it, and two men a shakin' hands. Then

he strated round, I tell you. I bl'eve

he was one of the big oassifiers, a corporal,

or sumth' like it. Wall, after he was

blong to that Post he began to say: "Now,

Serena, we must go to Reunion." Said I:

"What is a Reunion?" He looked at

me in a lofy manner, and said, said

he: "You go, Serena, and you'll find

out! And I did find out, I tell you,

Huldy. Then Happy—she's my darter,

yer know—just began to fairly live

on Reunion. We had a colander hung up

behind the table, and she commenced

along assine in July to count so

many go to Reunion. And so it went

on, till Happy dreaded to set down to

eat, on Happy would look at that

and begin.

"What's her real name?"

"Huldy never known that? Wall,

I'll tell you. You remember them three

daughters of Job's? Wall, there's lots of

Judas and lots of Kezias, but never a

Keziah that I knowned on, so I

and I ever had a darter I'd name her

for that poor, slighted darter of Job's.

And I did. To be sure we call her Happy

short. I've often wondered if Mr.

and Miss Job called their darter Happy.

"Wall, Habakuk said we was to start

Tuesday, so I cooked sum Saturday.

I had sum corned beef, and sum cake

with raisins into it, and sum cream bis-

tit good ent for the queen. Wall,

Sunday I went to church and tried to

be sanctimonious as ever, but in spite

of it, Cyrus would laff and say, "Marm,

to-morow or next day we're goin' to Re-

union." Monday afternoon it cum on to

me, and oh, my sensies, how it did pore.

Wake up in the nite, and I sed I,

I'm sorry for you, my pardner, but no

excuse to-morow." But as the poet

saith, "Man proposes and woman op-

poses." Tuesday mornin' dorned dark

and cloudy, but by and by the clouds

rolled in, and we proceeded to make

ready. Habakuk packed the things;

we'd a master hand to pack, is Habakuk.

We had sum comfortable and sum pil-

lars, and our vittels, and plates and dip-

pers and nives and forks, and tew iron

spoons, and my double shawl and

Happy's gostomer, and my umbrill.

We put them all in the wagon, and

William, that's our hoss, he stepped up

as lively as could be, and when he was

holted into the wagon we all got in.

Habakuk he sat in the middle to drive,

Happy and me we sat on a com-

fortable which was spread on the seat.

Well, we off to the Reunion at last.

By and by other teams cum, and they

had a cammin', till there was a long

line of bounloners. Some on um had

music and some on um had music, and we

was all sang and sung, and I began to feel

the spirit of Reunion myself.

"Twas a pretty drive, and arter a

while we got to Washbun. Washbun is

very putty village, and a little beyond

a mountain, where they told us

we had the Reunion. Well, Huldy,

we climed that mountain, or poor

William did, and such a site as

there. There was a orful tal post

where a great big flag was a wavin'.

There was wagons of every description,

men, women and children in 'em;

there was tents up and tents goin' up,

Habakuk landed us comfortable,

and all, beside of a little post

went into the ground, and went off to

take care of William. I set down on a

rock and he laid to me; and he says

he, "Lo yer, 104." That just made

me mad. I was tired, and—no doubt I

said a little old, but to have the

spendence to cum rite there and call me

hundred and four was more than I

could stand. I giv him a peace of I

my mind, and even raised my umbrill in

to there is nothin' start a

man's growin' old. But Happy, dear

you pulled my gown, and says

"Don't, marm; folks is a lookin'

at us."

After dinner, Habakuk and I went in

search of Happy, for the dear child had

an appetite in grand."

gone off onto the grounds to hear the drum kore, and we cum into a grate crowd, and there was a lot of the sogers there and they had tew flags, one on um had great wide stripes and one leetle narrer stripes, and they was actually fightin' over um. They had their rifles and they blazed away at each other over.

They was that mad that they never paid no tention to some big men on horseback, who rode rite in among um and tried to make um stop. And then they got to fighten over a canyon, and the way they pulled and yanked the poor thing round was terrible. I'd thought a good deal of the sogers, but when they cum to like that, I was disturbed. I tried to make Habakuk stop um, but he put on that lofty look of his'n, and he said, "Sereny, that is the sham battle." Sham battle, says I, 'there's no sham about that.' But finally the big men on their horses driv um off and they didn't fit no more.

Before we got to our tents it began to rain, and we maid reddy for a rainy night. We soon sought our couches, and all but me fell asleep. "I sot there leavin' on my elbow, and my mouse tuned her hair and the following poms flowed from my hart:

The rain is beatin' on the ruff, There wan't no ruff, but this was poetic license.

The rain was beatin' on the ruff.

Oh but I sorter homelike fel,

When I heard Habakuk anore,

Then from my home I wonder far,

Closer to Washbun town,

And seton in the cotton town,

I here the rain cum down.

Yet I will dos lament nor weep,

Although we don't keep dry,

For Happy's peaceful snores I here,

And Habakuk's hear with I.

Then let the orful tempest roar.

Here a drop of rain cum down and lit on Happy's upturned nose. I rose to the oocashun. I sprang for my umbrill and histed it, and set there the rest of the nite, leanin' on my elbow and keepin' the rain off that dear child. When mornin' dorned I was weak and exhausted, but I still was a powerful orful rascal, and goin' out I saw a site that made my blood bile. There was a crowd led by a drum and fife, and a poor feller, so lame he could hardly get along, out of the camp. They was hollerin' and shoutin', "Drum him out! drum him out!" Oh, how I did pity the poor feller. No matter what he had done, it was orful wicked to treat him so, and he so lame. I gest spoke rite out and told um what I thought of the thought.

"Hush, mother," says Happy, "he isn't lame; he is only maskin' it."

"Makin' it?" says I, with spirit. "I guess there are men enuff who are lame without one makin' bleve. I'm goin' to tell him up and tell him what will help him out."

"Huh, shaw!" (Cyrus), said a man standin' by; "he ain't lame no morn you are. I looked at him severely and turned away.

"After I had overcum my feelin's, Habakuk and me went over to the other side to hear a man welcum us to Washbun. You'd a thought to hear that man talk that the whole of the town of Washbun was laid at the feet of them sogers; and I declare for't when he sed he was proud to welcum us, I sorter lifted my head into the air, and fel that I was one of the sogers—

at least I'd name her for it.

A man had an umbrill over his head to keep him from tannin', I spose,

and if he did tan enny I told him sour cream would take it rite

## Maine Farmer.

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TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID  
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent is now calling  
upon our subscribers in West Kennebog-  
ton.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon  
our subscribers in New Brunswick and Nova  
Scotia.A Biddeford man has shown his gen-  
erosity by giving away 23 dogs.The latest journalistic venture is the  
Cathance Breeze, a weekly paper pub-  
lished at Bowdoinham.The Democratic National Convention,  
for the nomination of a candidate for  
President, is to be held at Chicago, July  
7th.It is a fact not generally known that  
the township of Flagstaff, in this State,  
received its name from the fact that  
Benedict Arnold planted a flagstaff  
here and there.The talk of war between Germany and  
England on account of the Transvaal in-  
cident, has subsided as quickly as it arose.  
Neither side is as anxious to fight as it was a fortnight ago.Dr. John F. Hill of Augusta has with-  
drawn his candidacy for the Governor-  
ship, and now the field is clear for Hon.  
Llewellyn Powers of Houlton, there  
being, as yet at least, no opposing can-  
didate.Oliver Van Meter, distinguished as the  
only colored man in the town of Deer  
Isle, with its population of 5,000, was  
married recently. Mr. Van Meter is  
seventy-seven years old, but that is just  
the prime of life on Deer Isle.Those who visit Washington this  
winter, during the absence of the Vice  
President, will find the Supreme Court,  
the United States Senate and the House  
of Representatives presided over by  
natives of Maine and graduates of Bow-  
doin College. Who says Maine is a  
"down east" State?The school at Good Will Farm, East  
Fairfield, which has over 100 scholars,  
is closed on account of an epidemic of  
sore throats. It is believed to be diph-  
theritic in character, but there are no  
serious cases at present. Every precau-  
tion is being taken to prevent its spread.  
The disease was brought by a boy who  
came to the farm about two weeks ago.There has been received by the State  
for dog licenses for the year 1895, \$4,  
031.86, and of this has been returned to  
the cities, towns and plantations for  
sheep claims, \$3,911.30, or about 10 per  
cent. of the amount received. This per-  
centage is about the same as last year,  
indicating that the dogs have committed  
about the same amount of depredations.When the civil war opened, the wealth  
of this country was estimated at \$10,000,  
000,000. In 1890 it had reached \$45,000,  
000,000, and in case of a foreign war we  
should now be an undivided people.  
The most remarkable fact connected  
with these figures is that the United  
States accumulated three times as much  
wealth during the thirty years ending  
with 1890 as in the 250 years preceding

1800.

A letter has been received by Bank  
Examiner Timberlake from the Secretary  
of the Granite State Provident Associa-  
tion, saying that it has decided not to  
extend its new business in this State.  
Loans to members on real estate will  
continue to be made as heretofore, and  
relations and contract obligations exist-  
ing between the association and its  
patrons will be maintained and carried  
out.At the present time Portland has  
probably the youngest sea captain in the  
country. The gentleman who has this  
distinction is John A. York, the youth-  
ful commander of the schooner Charles  
J. Willard, which has been in the harbor  
since Christmas. Capt. York is 18 years  
of age, and has been in the capacity as  
head of a crew of six men for just a year.  
He has made several trips, and some of  
them have been accomplished in remark-  
ably quick time. Last winter the  
Willard went from Richmond on our  
coast to New York in 42 hours.Mr. Walter A. Newcomb, the efficient  
Augusta correspondent of several daily  
papers, who began his newspaper career  
on the *Kennebec Journal*, is candidate  
for the office of Register of Probate in  
Kennebec county. Mr. Howard Owen,  
the present incumbent, declining to be a  
candidate for the office again, having  
practically received four unanimous  
nominations. Mr. Newcomb is a native  
of Manchester, where his aged parents  
reside, and where he owns a farm. He  
is an active member of the Grange and  
of other organizations, a young man of  
push and energy, who by his ability and  
pluck has pushed himself to the front  
ranks in journalism. He will make a  
most capable official.We have received Bradley's American  
Farmer for 1896, and find it more attrac-  
tive and complete than ever. It excels  
all similar publications. This book  
gives some striking photographs of large  
yields of potatoes, hay, corn, onions,  
early vegetables, early peas, string beans  
and rye. These pictures are of course  
true to life, and show the possibilities of  
this grand fertilizer which has made its  
mark on the farms of Maine, and there  
is where the true test comes, in actual  
practice. Bradley's standard fertilizers  
have become a household word in the  
homes of Maine. The farmers of the  
State wouldn't think for a moment of  
getting along without it.California is to try and shut out all  
companies who insure the lives of chil-  
dren under 13 years of age.

## THE WHITE CITY.

Those of us who had the great privilege of spending a few days at the World's Fair in Chicago, and gazed upon the wonderful revelations there, would be pained to look upon Jackson Park at the present time. It presents a sorrowful sight to those who saw it when its five hundred and eighty-six acres were the center and attraction of the world. What with the fire and the water, with the elements, there remains little for reminiscence.

With the Statue of the Republic to give one bearing, and—this by the way, has been stripped of its gold leaf covering save that upon the globe and eagle poised in the right hand—only gradually situates the gorgeous palaces of two and a half years since, although the ground is literally covered with mounds of sand, charred timbers, masses of staff and useless iron; while occasionally a working-man's shanty may be seen.

The White City, like all cities of glory, was destined to be destroyed. And its appearance is as though an earthquake or some terrible eruption had suddenly swallowed it up, leaving a few shattered reminders of its former magnificence here and there.

Wooded Island, with the grotesque little Japanese teahouses at its northern end, remains apparently unharmed, but it will be many years before the former growth of trees in other parts of the park is replaced. Where one could walk with ease over the smooth rolled avenues of the Fair, one must carefully make a path through sand, over dummy-cars and tracks, down into hollows and out of them again, and, in fact, over every possible obstruction that can delay one's progress.

The Court of Honor is, with all the other beauties, a thing of the past. The canals and lagoons are all frozen. At the extreme southern end of Wooded Island one of the abandoned steam launches is seen half frozen in the ice, half stranded on the shore, its canvas awning flying in the wind. This and the landing near the Woman's building are all that remain of the water transportation about the Exposition. There are yet two bridges, the one extending from the southern end of the island across to a point between the Electricity and Mines buildings, the other crossing South canal from the northwest corner of the Agricultural building, to the northeast corner of Machinery Hall. The moose and deer figures on both of these, standing at their four corners, are well preserved, excepting that the antlers have crumbled, leaving the iron rods exposed, which served as a frame work for the staff. These have rusted and have been contorted and bent so out of shape that they look like the horns of a mountain goat.

The monolith near the corner of the Agricultural building is yet standing and seems to be almost the same as it was in 1893; the base and the pedestals of the moose, etc., however, are covered with numerous autographs of youths aspiring for notoriety, and are typical of the durable fame of this class of individuals. The obelisk has disclosed its shame framework and at different points upon the sides, slabs of staff have fallen.

The balustrade along the sides of the building and the colonnade, while there is a mass of rusty iron trusses from Machinery Hall. From the charred stumps it gives one to suppose that the former has been hastily erected, where but recently there had been a thick growth of trees. This, with the aspect of the ruined colonnade, shows that the firemen fought the flames well, here, for many of the minor decorations remain intact.

The windows of the convent on the border of the lake are boarded up, but otherwise the exterior is about the same. The whaling bark Progress seemed to be still staying in the south Pond, held tightly in the ice. The Peristole and the Manufacture building being in condition analogous to the others. There are headless statues scattered in numerous places at the southern end, reminding one of pictures one has seen of the tombs along the Appian Way at Rome.

The Iowa and German buildings with the few large buildings left. The Museum is worth a visit out from the city, and visitors will recognize many of the things of 1893. The roof requires constant seeing to and repairing, and in many places it is much decayed. A fine macadamized road has been begun at the northern end of the park and extends down over the sites of the Woman's and Horticultural buildings and many of the lesser structures. The Chicago Park Commissioners are fast transforming this into an arid park, and there is little doubt but when completed it will be a fair rival of the other parks.

It seems incredible that the Fair will ever be surpassed; but its beauty and grandeur will always remain prominent in the memories of the innumerable sightseers who behold it.

Captain-General Campos, the ablest commander the Spanish army has ever had, has been recalled from the command of the army at Cuba. Campos' success will be General Weyler, who in company with General Polavieja, will sail for Cuba immediately. They are face to face with a hopeless undertaking, and can scarcely expect to win where Campos has failed so completely. The recall of Campos will greatly encourage the Cubans, and correspondingly dishearten the Spaniards. The crisis in the island should not be far distant. It is said that the reason Campos was removed was not sufficiently savage and brutal, and that his successor possesses these qualities in an eminent degree.

Rather a curious incident was the witnessing, during last week, in a buckwheat field near Fort Kent, of two peregrines. It is not uncommon to see these birds in winter, but it is rather unusual to find one in that section, and in January, picking up its food in a grain field.

California is to try and shut out all companies who insure the lives of children under 13 years of age.

WHAT ARE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBI-  
TIONS TO BE?

BY HOWARD OWEN.

It is evident that we are on the eve of radical changes in the management of agricultural fairs. Everywhere the story is the same, that the people are not content with the simple object lesson which formerly called out the crowds. At the late annual meeting of the Bay State Society, Pres. French took up the question and engaged a careful study of the situation. He said:

"Either the fair business is being overdone, or else people want something which we have not yet discovered. What is it? The society that finds out will, for a time at least, be successful. The *English Economic Review* says upon this subject:

"Shows are ceasing to be the object lessons they once were, and are being replaced by the peripatetic dairy and the technical instruction of our county councils." In England as well as with us the agricultural fair is coming to be the object lesson it once was.

The agricultural colleges have

The Doctor remained in Augusta over Tuesday to complete his editorial work on the paper, the most of which he did in Winthrop, and always returned home Wednesday morning.

He wielded a ready and vigorous pen, and it was ever employed in the interests of the public good. Hating the *art of self*, he was always a figure that al- lied him in fellowship to Phillips and Whittier, had he chosen the arena of politics, he would have been numbered among those abolitionists whose names shine most resplendently on the pages of history.

His style of expression was always pure and simple, never stilted. Most of the current topics came within the scope of his ready pen. His wide range of knowledge enabled him to write with the greatest facility. His pen was a joy to the humbly born and swindlers that often find the farmer an easy prey, were smoked out. Loyal and patriotic in his utterances, there was no mistaking the tone of his articles, every word and line of which conveyed a meaning. He never wrote to confound or perplex, but always to enlighten and help.

Personally, he was modest and retiring. A *newspaper*, one of the leading business men of the Kingdom, said to my uncle very carelessly as to his own welfare, and judged him to be so in all things. Hence I was very much surprised during a short visit at his home in Winthrop to see him dispose of his mail—and it was a large one that day—in the most thorough and systematic manner, at one sitting. I then changed my mind regarding his character, and concluded that he sacrificed everything for his profession. I remember a little incident that occurred during this visit that made me feel that he was not insatiable in his ambition. This indeed was a family trait.

"It is well known that he was

admitted to the club of the school of

the *Franklin Institute*, Philadelphia, in 1821, and came to this State soon after. His uncle, Dr. Seth Chandler, had previously settled in Maine, and his son, Dr. Benj. Chandler, was in practice at Paris Hill. Young Holmes studied medicine with him, attended the medical lectures at Bowdoin College, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1824. He married, at the time of his graduation, Sarah Elizabeth Benson, daughter of John Benson of Livermore. His health being of a delicate nature, he did not enter at once upon the practice of medicine, but in November, 1824, he went to Gardiner as instructor in Natural History in the old Gardner Lyceum, founded by the munificence of Robert Hallowell Gardner. A writer in the October number of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Philadelphia, claims that the Gardner Lyceum was the first school in the United States to have a permanent building.

The subject of enabling mechanics and farmers to become skillful in their respective pursuits had occupied the thoughts of the promoters of this new scheme for years prior to the passage of the legislative act establishing the Lyceum in 1822. The originators of this school

state that they knew of no organization in existence like the one, they had in mind, from which to copy, and therefore they would be compelled to proceed altogether on original lines. The school was successful in its objects, but it was evidently too far "ahead of the times" and so languished, and finally was closed for lack of sufficient support and patronage in 1832. The Doctor was connected with the school until its doors were closed.

Like many another whose culture had led them in the direction of medical science, he early and devoutly sought the study of Nature as connected with agricultural pursuits. He started in 1825, at Gardner, the publication of the *Farmer's and Mechanic's Monthly*, a monthly publication of considerable

If this be the end of "them" must have been a very smart act! Dr. Holmes always had a quaint way of expressing himself. This indeed was a family trait. In a letter to his brother, Philip C., he writes, "It is well known that he was

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## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

SUNSET.

By ELIZABETH.

O'er the hills the sun is setting,  
Bathing in its lustrous light  
Lowly cot and lofty palace,  
Misty vale and mountain's height.  
Cloud towers rise in stately grandeur,  
By the lingering sunbeams kissed;  
Golden shallows float serenely  
On a sea of rosy mist.

It tints the spray of the restless ocean  
Like a bridal veil in its shimmering folds,  
Sends its rays to the deep, dark caverns,  
And tips the foam-capped waves with gold.

Now the last faint glow is fading;  
It sinks from sight in its regal power;  
Purple shadows slowly gather,  
Bringing the twilight's witching hour.

Cooling zephyrs softly wander,  
Stars look down from your bright blue,  
Sleepy flowers fold their petals,  
Bathed in gently falling dew.

Now o'er all the golden glory  
Night has spread a pale pall,  
But fair Luna, rising slowly,  
Sheds her radiance over all.

For the Maine Farmer.

BE.

BY BELLE LOUISE LOUGHE.  
Be earnest, be brave and be true, dear,  
No master how dark is the way;  
No master how heavy the load, dear,  
Just trust in our Father and pray.

Be cheery and helpful and sweet, dear,  
Though mayhap your own heart is sad;  
You'll forget all about it, depend, dear,  
In making another heart glad.

Be quick to forgive and forget, dear,  
For did not the dear Christ forgive you?  
With charity hide people's faults, dear,  
For haven't you many faults, too?

Be all that the Master would be, dear,  
Were he doing these things in your stead,  
And you'll say when the last battle's won,  
dear,

How wonderfully I have been led!

## Our Story Teller.

## MISS DILL'S DELEGATE.

By J. L. HARBOUR.

Miranda Dill was "doing up" the last of her quinces one November morning when some one rapped at her kitchen door. When she opened her door she saw Mrs. Beacon Draper standing on the little back porch.

"Seuse me for coming 'round to the back door, Mirandy," said Mrs. Draper, as she stepped into the spotlessly clean and sweetly fragrant little kitchen, "I could tell from the looks of the front of the house that you was in the back, and I thought I'd save you the trouble of running to let me in at the front door. My how sweet and spicy it smells in here."

"I've been spicing some sweet apples, and now I'm doing up the last o' my quinces," replied Miss Miranda. "I'm real partial to quince preserve, and I think that a little quince is nice in apple sauce. But, here, I'm keeping you standing. Come and sit down in this rocking-chair, that is, if you don't mind sitting in the kitchen!"

"Not if it's your kitchen, Mirandy, for it's so clean and cosy here. How lovely your plants look!"

"Yes, I think the kitchen's a good place for plants. There's so much moisture from the kettle and it's so sunny in here. I have a crysanthemum that'll be in full bloom soon."

"If it comes out before you ought to put it on the table you're to have charge of when the association meets with us next week."

"It would look lovely on the table, wouldn't it? And flowers will be real scarce by that time. Do they expect a good many at the association?"

"Oh, yes, the deacon thinks there'll be as many as 100 delegates come, and that's what I have run over to see you about. You know I'm chairman of the committee on entertainment?"

"Yes, I heard it give out Sunday."

"Well, I'm 'round looking up entertainment for the delegates, and I knew I could count on you taking at least one; you will, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm willing to take one. I'd take two if they could room together; you know I've only one spare room. I could, on a pinch, give up my bedroom, and I could sleep on the settin'-room lounge, but if I did that it'd keep me so busy I wouldn't get out to many of the meetings."

"Oh, all's you all ought to be asked to take, and I'll try to have some real nice person sent to you. Sometimes when folks are getting free entertainment they're fussier and more exacting than if they was paying board; I've had delegates just as such."

"Well, I don't know that I have," replied Miss Dill. "She was a kindly soul who did kindly deeds and found delight in speaking kindly words. Her tongue was little given to say unkind things about anyone, and she was loyalty itself to her brothers and sisters in the Baptist church."

"The association comes the week before Thanksgiving, I believe," she said, when Mrs. Draper had risen to go.

"Yes, on Tuesday and Wednesday. Most of the delegates are expected on Monday, and they'll be likely to stay until Thursday."

"I'd just as soon have mine to stay that long as not, if you send me some real pleasant person. I just enjoyed entertaining the delegates I had last spring, when the Woman's Christian Temperance union met here."

"I'll try and have some real nice, agreeable person sent to you, Mirandy."

Mrs. Draper went on her homeward way and Miss Dill gave her attention to the quince preserves simmering in a blue, porcelain-lined kettle on her shining stove. She was as immaculately neat as her surroundings. Her movements were as quick and free as those of a girl of 18, while it was said in the town that Miss Miranda "owned up to 45," but it was also said that whatever Miss Dill "owned up to" was the exact truth. She was known to be absolutely honest in word and in deed. Her life was as an open book.

It had always been a good and kindly life, and much of it had been spent in the service of God in promoting the general good of the world. She was sometimes called the "backbone" of the feeble little Baptist church in Hiriamville. There had been times when it would have been deserted, but for Miss Dill's zeal, and the free use of her rather limited income.

The little church was now pastores, although numerous "candidates" had for some time been filling its pulpit.

## MERITED REWARD.

## SALES OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

## VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

## UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF

## MEDICINE, HONESTY, EXCELLENCE, FAITHFULNESS

## FILLY REWARDED.

(SPECIAL TO OUR OWN READERS.)

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE

COMPOUND

and never in the history of

MRS.

PINKHAM'S

WONDERFUL

COMPOUND

has the demand

been so great as

it is today.

From

MAINE TO

CALIFORNIA,

from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, come

the glad tidings of woman's suffering

relieved by it; and thousands upon

thousands of letters are pouring in from

grateful women, saying that it will

and does perfectly cure those painful

ailments of Women.

It will cure the worst forms of female

complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and

displacements of the womb, and consequent

spinal weakness, and is peculiarly

adapted to the change of life.

Every time

Backache.

It has cured more cases of incarceration

by removing the cause, than any remedy

the world over, known to it is almost

infallible in such cases. It dissolves and

expels tumors from the uterus in an

early stage of development, and checks

any tendency to cancerous humors.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS

work in union with the Compound, and

are a sure cure for constipation and sick-

heads. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative

Wash is frequently found of great value

for local application. Correspondence is

freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pinkham

Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the strictest

confidence assured. All druggists sell the Pinkham's remedies. The

Vegetable Compound in three forms,

—Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

Dill by the hand.

"Allow me to present to you the dear

woman who has promised to be your

new pastor's wife. I hope that this may

not appear unseemly to you because of

our brief acquaintance. If, on such in-

vestigation as you care to make, you find that I am unworthy of her, I will

release her from her engagement. I

feel that we know our own minds and

hearts well enough to feel sure that we

will be happy together, and that our

whole life will be filled with the true

spirit of thanksgiving and praise."

"And to think what a fuss you made

about entertaining a man delegate,"

said Mrs. Draper to Miss Dill after-

ward.

But Miss Dill only laughed as she had

not laughed for years and as only they

can laugher who love and are beloved —

Detroit Free Press.

A YANKEE MONTE CRISTO.

BY ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

Slavery survived in England much

later than is generally supposed. The

word bondage in Northumberland still

means a female farm servant. The

coolies and salters (i. e., salt miners) of

East Lothian were actually slaves till

1775. If they deserted their service

anyone harboring them was liable to a

penalty of five pounds sterling if he

did not restore them in 24 hours. The

last slave in England was not freed

completely until 1799 and in 1842 there

was a codicil living who, as well as his

father and grandfather, had worked as

a slave in a pit at Musselburgh.

A Trapping Plant.

The baited trap is an imitation of the

dione or Venus fly trap. This singular

specimen of the plant world presents

to unsuspicious insects a drop of honey-

like juice, and when the victim descends

to sip he finds himself seized by the

treacherous leaves of the insectivorous

plant which surround and strangle

him on the spot.

—Seek the sunlight, is the advice of

all present-day hygienists. Patients on

the sunny side of the hospital ward re-

cover sooner. The person who always

walks on the sunny side of the street

outlives his shade-seeking brother by

ten years. Sleep in rooms where the

sun has shone all day. Back in

the sun all you can.

Why is one woman

so much more attractive than

another? It isn't

entirely a question of age or features

or intellect. The

more attractive

thing about an attractive

woman is her womanliness.

Every woman is a woman,

and there are many women

who are not women.

Everybody doesn't realize just what it is

that makes her womanly.

She may have health,

of course, because

without it she would lose the brightness of

her eyes, the fullness of her cheeks and her

health means more than most people

think of.

Women are really a woman in

every way, as well as in

every other way.

Some are born with what is called "con-

stitutional weakness."

It is easier for some to

walk and run than for others.



## Drs. Maybe and.... Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor may be experienced. But the old doctor *must be*. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy may be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy *must be* good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household Sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—**fifty years of cures**. If others may be good, **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla *must be*. You take no chances when you take **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla.

## Horse Owners! Try GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam

Keeps Horses Healthy and Free from Skin Diseases.

The Balsam Best Balsam ever made. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe aches. Removes all bunches or blisters from Horses. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.00. Send for sample. Postpaid. Sent by express, charged paid, with full directions for use.

THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., CLEVELAND, O.

## ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

FISTULA treated without the use of knife or detention from business, all other diseases of Rectum Cured guaranteed. ROBERT M. READ, M. D. 175 Tremont Street, Boston. Consultation free. SEND FOR PAMPHLET. Price 10¢. (Sundays and holidays excepted.) 1750

## Wanted.

A young lady for alto part in quartette. Good voice and good condition. Should be able to read music of moderate difficulty. For particular address

Lock Box 459, Augusta, Me.

Send to Chas. J. Jager Company 474 High St., Boston, Mass. for their car. PUMPS Hand & power for house & farm use. Pitcher, Spraying, and Deep Well Pumps.

Messenger's Notice.

Office of the Deputy Sheriff of Kennebec County, January 20th, 1896.

STATE OF MAINE—KENNEBEC COUNTY. This is to give notice that on the sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1896, a Warrant on the Court of Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for the sum of \$1,000,000, in favor of the estate of GEORGE A. STAPLES, individually and as a member of the late firm of Farnham, Staples & Co., deceased, an insolvent, an insolvent debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1896, to the date of the return on claim to be computed; for the payment of any debts to or by said debtor and the transfer and delivery of any property by him to be forbidden, and for a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts at a chosen time or more assignments of his estate, to be held at the Probate Court Room, said Augusta, on the tenth day of February, A. D. 1896.

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